Breakthru

by Nina Mercury

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Breakthru

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DISCLAIMER: None of these characters belong to me. They're all Joss'. The song "Breakthru" belongs to Queen. Lyrics are below.

FEEDBACK: I'd love some!

DISTRIBUTION: TPWFLD, a few other archives and any place that wants it but I'd prefer if you ask first.

BACKGROUND: "Becoming" but none of the third season stuff

RATING: For now PG-13 but I'm not finished so it might get steamy

REALLY IMPORTANT AUTHOR'S NOTES: I'd read this or you'll get confused. OK, I'm doing something a little different with this story. I'm gong to alternate points of view. All the odd number parts are from Willow's POV. But the even parts are from Angel's POV. Don't worry I'll tell you whose POV it is in the beginning of each story.

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When love breaks up, When the dawn light wakes up, A new life is born, Somehow I have to make this final breakthrough, Now

I wake up, Feel just fine, Your face, Fills my mind, I get religion quick, 'Cos you're looking divine, Honey you're touching something

you're touching me, I'm under your thumb under your spell can't you see

If I could only reach you, If I could make you smile, If I could only reach you, That would really be a breakthrough - oh yeah

Breakthrough these barriers of pain, Breakthrough to the sunshine from the rain, Make my feelings known towards you, Turn my heart inside and out for you now, Somehow I have to make this final breakthrough, Now!

Your smile speaks books to me, I break up, With each and every one of your looks at me, Honey you're starting something deep inside of me, Honey you're sparking something this fire in me, I'm outta control, I wanna rush headlong into this ecstacy

If I could only reach you, If I could make you smile, If I could only reach you, That would really be a breakthrough

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Part One - Willow

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I almost tripped over the package. It was wrapped with forest green wrapping paper and a silver ribbon. The package was so small that I nearly missed it. I guessed that it was for Allison, my dorm roommate.

That girl has too many boyfriends.

I quickly put the present down on her dresser. Plopping down on the bed, I tried to pay attention to my physics homework. But that idea died. Every two seconds, I found myself staring at that small box.

What's in it? The wrapping paper is way too nice for one of Allison's guys. The last guy who actually took the trouble of wrapping a present for her was Jim. And he wrapped a six pack of beer in newspaper. I might as well see what bad poetry her boyfriend can come up with.

The card was made of thick ivory stationary. In silver letters, it read, "To Willow. So many things have changed and so have I. I've learned so much. I've learned to look past the empty glare of others and see your soft light. And in that light there is only beauty and love."

All of the sudden, I was aware of that tingling hot feeling that crept into my face. Once again I was blushing bright red. I put the card down and walked to the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, I found that my face was bright red. Even my ears were blushing. I splashed some cold water on my face and tried to figure this out.

*Who could it be? Xander? No, he's still with Cordelia. If they had broken up, he'd have called me for a shoulder to cry on. Oz? It could be but I just don't know. We broke up before he graduated. And it couldn't be...well, I might as well see what's in the box. It is my

present.* Those last thoughts brought a big smile to my face. So I hurried back to the room and grabbed the box.

Carefully, I unwrapped the box. My hands were shaking slightly but I managed not to rip the paper. Maybe I was being too careful but the paper was too pretty to waste. Inside the box was a bottle of green bubble liquid. The kind that came with the plastic stick with a loop on the end that one would blow into to make bubbles.

Bubble stuff? But who'd know about that? Every time I'd get upset, I'd buy a bottle of bubble stuff. I'd then sit with my head hanging out of my bedroom window and blow bubbles until the world felt right again. There's something calming about watching the bubbles float away until they disappeared. At least it is to me.

I know I should have been doing my physics but I didn't care. After a half a second of consideration, I grabbed my Walkman, some tapes, a novel, and the bubble stuff. My hand was just about to grab the door handle but I stopped. I walked back and was about to take the note.

That's when Allison walked in. "Hi Willow, discovered the cure for cancer yet?"

I smiled at her Allison reminded me of a mixture of Cordelia and Buffy but she had a great sense of humor. "Nope, but I managed to hack into Microsoft. You wouldn't believe how much money Bill Gates makes."

She flung her bag on the ground and bounced onto her bed. Allison picked up her hairbrush and started to brush her long brown hair. I just stood there with my stuff in my hands and watched her.

"That jerk doesn't deserve it," she made a quick gesture with the hair brush that indicated that she wanted to shove it up a certain part of Bill Gates, "Next time you hack into his system, steal some of his money. I'll bet what he makes in a day will pay for all four years of college, for the both of us."

I started to laugh. Allison had a grudge with Bill Gates ever since she lost a five page psychology paper due to a bug in Windows 2002.

When I stopped laughing, I noticed that she was eyeing the green wrapping paper. She then snatched the card out on my hand. "What's this Willow!?!" Her voice was an excited squeal.

Allison read the card aloud. Of course, I felt my face grow hot.

"You go girl! I'm so jealous! Unless this guy is a psychotic stalker or deformed or something, don't let him go! What did you get? Do you know who it is?" She rapidly blasted out questions.

"I got a bottle of bubble liquid," I showed her the bottle, "I know it doesn't seem like much. I used to love blowing bubbles. I guess I still do." I shuffled about nervously. This gift was special to me but I was afraid that she wouldn't be able to see that.

But I was wrong. "So basically instead of getting you something

really expensive, he gave you a gift from the heart. As I said, this one's a keeper!"

I silently breathed a sigh of relief. Allison might be loud and obnoxious at times but most of the time she was very intuitive. Someday she would make a great psychologist.

She put the hairbrush down and started to braid her hair. "OK Willow, but you still haven't told me if you know who it is."

"I'm not sure who it is but I've got a few ideas."

"Well sit down and talk! I'm dying to hear." She quickly finished her hair. After kicking off her shoes, Allison sat Indian style on the bed.

I put my stuff down and sat on my bed. "The note kind of sounds like he knows me. You know? Like from my past?" OK, so I'm not articulate when I'm embarrassed. She nodded and I continued. "So I narrowed it down to two people. The first one is Xander."

"But wasn't he sucking face with that snotty Cordelia?" Allison interrupted.

"Yeah, and since I haven't heard of them breaking up. So I'm not so sure that it was him. Besides, I used to have a crush on him but...that's over. Now he's just a friend."

Allison got up and fished two sodas from our fridge. She tossed me one. I opened it and swallowed a large mouthful. I didn't realize how dry my mouth was until I got that soda.

"OK, so let's rule out Xander. Who else?"

"There only one other person I can think of."

"Lemme guess," she paused for effect and sipped her soda, "That guitarist. I believe his name was Oz. Was it?" Her teasing tone brought a smile to my face.

"Yeah, he and I dated during my junior year of high school. He was my first boyfriend. But he was a year older. So he went college and we broke up. But I still talk to him every now and again. I think I like being friends with him more than I did dating him. It feels more natural this way." I stopped there, not knowing what else to say.

When I said that Allison was going to make a great psychologist, I meant it. She also had a way of reading what I didn't say as well as what I did say. "OK, who's the third guy?"

"Wha...what third guy?" I stammered.

She rolled her eyes at me. Allison quickly finished her soda and threw the can into our recycling bag. "The guy who you want it to be," she gave me an evil grin.

"I...I...I," the denial stuck in my throat.

"Don't deny it."

"OK, but please don't tell anyone." My shoulder sagged. I was about to tell her something I never told anyone. It was a secret that I kept for several years. "His name was Angel. He was Buffy's boyfriend."

"Buffy was that pretty athletic blond friend of yours?"

"Yeah. Angel was hers from day one. And I tried to stop what I felt but all I could do was keep it a secret. I remember the first time I looked into his dark eyes. I got this warm happy feeling that went from my fingers to my toes. But I never did anything about it." It hurt. I had never planned to tell anyone about this. Bringing these feelings up was just reminding me about what I couldn't have.

"What ever happened to him?"

I slouched down on the bed. "Remember I told you that Buffy ran away?"

"And she never came back."

I nodded but I didn't look at her. "He disappeared about the same time. They're probably living happily ever after some place. And they've probably forgotten all about me."

Allison handed me a tissue. I really didn't know I was crying. I wiped the tear tracks off my face. "I'm sorry," I apologized, "It's just that I never let this out. It probably wasn't him. It's probably was somebody's idea of a sick joke. I...I need some air." I stood up. Crumpling the note, I threw it out.

All my life I've never been good enough. I'm not pretty, funny, or good with boys. Angel was just another reminder of that. One time, I remember yelling at him for ignoring Buffy but in my heart I was really angry at him for ignoring me. Ours is a forbidden love. Yeah right.

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Part Two - Angel

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What was I doing? Maybe that time in Hell did drive me insane. I don't understand it but here I am sitting outside her dormroom, waiting to see if she liked my present. No, this was stupid. Why would she even like it? But I guess I can answer that easily. She's Willow and in my heart I

knew that she'd be able to see the thought and sentiment behind the gift.

I'll be the first admit it. I was an idiot. Buffy was beautiful, inside and out. But there was something missing, a certain depth to her beauty. If I had looked, I would have found that something in Willow. Willow has an beauty that's indescribable. Her beauty is a mix of heart, soul, strength, wisdom and innocence.

But of course, I was blind to that. You'd think after two hundred

years I'd learn. I discovered my feelings for Willow after Buffy sent me to Hell. One of the many torments of Hell was being forced to watch the outside world, to watch my friends go on without me.

One day I saw Willow in her bedroom. Let's see, she's a junior in college, now. So she was probably a senior in high school. She was at a desk writing in a notebook. Her eyes had that stubborn, thoughtful look that she got when she concentrated on something. I looked at the notebook and what I saw hit my heart like a wooden stake. She was finishing drawing a heart. Inside the heart were the words "Willow + Angel". I couldn't stop staring at it, until a drop of water hit the page. I looked back to her face and saw that her eyes were large with tears. She ripped up the paper and tossed it into the garbage. Willow grabbed text book, turning her attention to that.

My mind raced back to every time Willow and I talked. Her warm smiles, the softness in her eyes, and so many other things added together. Willow had loved me for the longest time. And I was too blind to see that.

At first I tried to ignore it but Hell's a place where you can't avoid your troubles. More and more, I found myself watching her. There were times that I thought that I had been mistaken. That Willow had never had those feelings for me. But there were other times when I knew that I was wrong. I'd see her stare out into space, lost in her thoughts. She'd get a soft smile on her face. My heart always wanted to believe that she was thinking about me during those moments.

BAM! Her door flew open and Willow ran out. The door swung shut after her. She didn't see me hiding in the shadows. I saw a few tears running down her face and my heart twisted.

I did that? My present made her cry. I should have known better. Why is it that everything I touch ends up in pain?

Willow sat down on right next to the door and wrapped her arms around herself. I wanted to show myself, hold her in my arms and comfort her. But I couldn't do it. Every time I built up enough courage, a little voice would start to scream in my head, *You can't go out there! You're the reason why she's crying. Haven't you hurt her enough?*

Soon the door opened and her roommate stepped out. "I'm sorry Allison," Willow stuttered, "I guess that memory really hurts. It's just...nevermind."

Allison sat down next to her. "Willow, I know this hurts but you're going to have to face it and get on with your life. Besides, what if this present isn't from this Angel. It's still a sweet thing. Somebody cares enough to send you this."

Willow perked up. "Yeah, and maybe he's a nice guy. But what do I do then?"

"Don't worry about it," Allison smiled at her, "If you never hear from this guy again, then it probably was just a sick joke. Ignore it and tell yourself that you're better than the jerk that did this. If there's more presents, just sit back and enjoy it. Then you can make up a little fantasy about this guy and when the fantasy doesn't match

up with the reality, dump him."

Willow laughed, a pure sound that made my heart leap. That laugh made me silently swear that I would continue to give her little presents. *But I can't tell her who I am. If I do, I'll just end up hurting her. No, this way is best that way Willow can be happy. Just like she deserves.*

"All right! You're the shrink. You can tell me what happens if the fantasy and the reality are really close."

Allison smiled. "Then you must dump him!"

"Why?"

"So I can have him!" Both girls burst out laughing.

When they stopped, Willow turned to Allison. "Gee Brain, what are we going to do tonight?"

"The same thing we do every night Pinky! Go and poison ourselves with cafeteria food."

Willow gave a brilliant smile. After locking up, the girls walked away. Their joking had given me a flash of inspiration. I remembered the cartoon they were referring too. Back when I was being the Buffy-stalking-cryptic-guy, I had spied on Willow and Buffy watching a tape of cartoons one night. I remember this because I remember laughing at most of the jokes. Willow had laughed at these jokes too but Buffy didn't understand most of them.

I practically ran to the mall. I had rejected this idea for my original present. But now I knew it was perfect. I knew that Willow would love it. I only wish that I could be with her to see the smile on her face when she opened it. But that was a happiness that I couldn't have and that I didn't deserve.

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Part Three - Willow

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Walking out of the computer lab, I was automatically soaked to the skin. I swore at the weatherman who, this morning, had promised sunny skies for the entire day. *I hate Boston weather. That's another thing I miss about Sunnydale, the good weather.*

I had just spent three hours debugging some code for a C++ class. My eyes burned from staring at the computer screen for that long. At least it wasn't sunny. I always hated the bright flash of light that assaulted my eyes after walking out of the computer labs.

The bad weather ruined the happy mood that I usually got when I finished a program. Head bent, I walked back to my dorm room. My thoughts trailed back to yesterday and the present.

It probably was a joke. Ugh! I'm so sick of people being so mean! If I ever catch that person, I'll...well, I'll...umm...I'll do something really not nice to them! That's when I started to get disgusted with

myself. *You can't even think of something bad to do to someone. Willow, you're such a pathetic mouse. No wonder why everyone uses you.*

I breathed a sigh of relief when I reached the dorms. The elevator was as slow as usual. When it reached my floor, I was reluctant to get off. Some part of me didn't want to see what the rest of me knew. I didn't want to see an empty doorway. I didn't want to see that my admirer was really a prank.

Stepping out of the elevator, I was shocked to see a rather large box in front of my door. I ran over and picked it up. It had the same forest green wrapping paper as before, the same silver ribbon, and the same card.

As I walked into my room, I started to read the card. "To Willow," it said, "you've always made me happy with your kind heart and your warm humor." My face broke out into the silliest grin.

"All right!" I looked up and saw Allison sitting at our computer. Ugh. At this point I would be happy never to see another computer again.

"You've got another term paper?" I asked her.

"A sociology paper and don't change the subject. You got another present!" She clicked the mouse a few times. After a pause, Allison shut off the computer. I placed the box on the table and started to walk toward the bathroom. "Where the hell do you think you're going!?!" Allison squeaked, "Get your butt back here and open the present."

I gave her an evil grin. "I was planning to open it later. I dunno. I've got so much to do: homework, shave my legs, get dinner, sleep, and so much more," I was definitely in full tease-mode, "My schedule is so busy that I'll might not get to opening it for a few days..."

"Willow!" I saw the look on her face and started to laugh. Allison's face was twisted in a ticked off expression. Her eyebrows were scrunched and her lips were tightly pressed together. I continued to laugh until my stomach did that shaky thing. Puffing in a few deep breaths, I willed myself to calm down.

Grabbing the box, I sat down and slowly pulled the paper off. Allison bounced on her bed. "COME ON! Open it!" I ripped open the package. Inside were two stuffed animals that resembled white mice. It took me a second to realize that they were Pinky and the Brain. "Oooooooo!!! They're so cute," I heard Allison say. But I was only paying half attention to her. I hugged the stuffed animals close. *Joke or not, I'm not going to stop this happy feeling. I can be miserable later.*

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Several weeks passed and thankfully that "later" didn't show up. Almost all of the time I was happy. Whenever anybody was mean, I would just remember that I had an admirer would loved me as I am. Every day, I received a present as a sort of proof of this love. Maybe I was wrong to feel so much for a person who I didn't know but

I didn't care.

Maybe I didn't know who it was but he certainly knew who I was. Each present was sweet, thoughtful, and strangely personal. I guess that's what shocked me when I opened the door that day.

I was tired after a long day of classes and barely crawled home. The only thing that was keeping my going was the thought of my present. *I wonder what I'm going to get today. I loved the Godiva chocolates from yesterday. Too bad they didn't last long.* Of course, I was grinning like an idiot.

The grin stopped when I reached the door. There was no package waiting for me. The doorway was empty. *Maybe Allison brought it inside." I walked into the room and found her sitting on the bed.

"Hey Cyber Goddess! What did ya get today?" she chirped at me while she painted her nails black.

"Did you pick it up out of the doorway?" I tried to keep my voice from trembling.

"No. Are you saying there was nothing in the doorway?" She looked up with a serious look on her face. I plopped down on my bed like a balloon running out of air. "He's probably running late today," I tried to sound cheerful but my thoughts weren't. *Or he's probably found someone better to give his attention to.*

That's when there was a knock on the door. I jumped up and yanked the door open. My mouth nearly dropped when I saw who was on the other side. Xander was standing there with a grin on his face and a small gift in his hand. The gift was wrapped in forest green paper and a silver ribbon, just like the other gifts from my admirer. "Xander?" I gasped. My gaze kept ricocheting from the gift to his face.

"Hey Will! This is for you." He handed me the present. *Xander?* my mind screamed, *No it can't be him! It just can't!*

"Aren't you gong to let me in?" That's when I realized that we were still standing in the doorway. "Won't you come in?" I mumbled with a dry mouth. As we walked into the dormroom, the door closed behind me with a bang.

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Part Four -- Angel

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I never really liked the spring. When I was human, springtime was planting time, which meant work. Back when I was human, I was a lazy selfish lout. But as a vampire, I had different reasons for disliking it. Of course there's the whole rebirth imagery that disturbs a destruction loving vampire. But the part that I truly don't like is the fact that the nights get shorter.

Impatiently, I waited for the sun to set. When it was finally dark enough for me to leave, I raced to Willow's dorm but I was too late. I just arrived to see her walk into her room with a sad look on her

face. *Why do I keep torturing myself? This is only more proof that a human and a vampire can't have a relationship.* I broke free from my pondering and walked over to the door.

Gently, I placed the present on the ground. Today's present was a CD of love songs. I was kind of uneasy about buying this for her. I didn't want her to get up her hopes. I loved her so much but knew that we couldn't have a normal relationship. But during the day while I slept, I'd have dreams, dreams of holding her in my arms, seeing the sun shine on her hair, and waking up in her arms.

I was shaken from my dreams by the sound of footsteps. I ran and hid in the shadows. *So what else is new? You're always hiding. At least this hallway isn't very well lit. So much for school security* Carefully peering out, I discovered whom the footsteps belonged to. Xander Harris!? What was he doing here?

He walked up to Willow's door and knocked on her door. His eyes must have drifted downward because he picked up the present. He was staring at it when the door opened. I heard Willow's voice say his name. She almost sounded shocked.

"Hey Will! This is for you." There was a short pause as Xander stood there with his usual stupid look of confusion on his face. He handed her the present and asked, "Aren't you gong to let me in?" I heard her mumble something. He strutted into the room and the door closed behind with a bang, which cut into my heart.

If I ever get my hands on that Harris brat, I'll kill him. The nerve of him! Taking credit for my presents! I made Willow happy not him! But what does it matter? You would have never gotten up the courage to tell her. Eventually you'd just end up hurting her. At least this way she gets what she wants. She can be with Xander and be happy.

I walked through the dingy halls of the dormitory. Somehow I made it outside. The night was cold and it had started to rain. The pavement was soaked black and gleamed under the lamp light. Across from the dorms was a park. The trees were skeleton bare. The leaves were soggy brown and clogged the ground.

The first bench that I found was the one that I sat on. The wood was wet from the rain. Within seconds, my pants were soaked. *At least I'm not wearing the leather. That would have been totally uncomfortable.* The rain grew stronger and soaked through my jacket and my skin.

I dug into the inner pocket of my jacket. I found the present. I had bought this for her back in the beginning of this secret admirer mess. But I've never had the courage to give it to her. Thankfully, it was still dry. I put it back, thinking, *Why are you so depressed? You knew that you two would never get together. And you knew that you'd never have enough courage to even give her this gift.*

Time passed rather slowly. After several minutes, I thought about getting up. "Hello?" I heard a soft voice call out. Damn it, it was Willow. What was she doing out here? Did she figure out that Xander wasn't the one who sent her the presents? I couldn't let her see me. She wouldn't understand. Panicking, I jumped up and started to walk away quickly. I was out of the park and walking down the sidewalk.

She must have seen me.

"Please stop," I heard her call out. Like a fool, I looked back and saw that she was running after me. She stepped out into the street and started to run across. There was a flash of bright light. I saw the headlights of a car, as it swerved right toward Willow. *He's going to hit her. The fool is drunk and doesn't see her.*

Without knowing, I sprinted down the road. I pushed Willow onto the sidewalk. Willow crumpled onto the sidewalk in a heap. The car slammed into me. Pain shot through me and all I was aware of was sensation of flying through the air. The pavement hit me with a bang and my body skidded a few feet.

The world around me was dark. My head was throbbing as I heard the car squeal. The sounds around me became muffled and I heard Willow scream out my name. "Angel...no...don't leave me...wake up..." I tried to stay awake but everything soon went dark.

End of Part 4

Yes, I'm still alive and I'm working on part 5.

End
file.